The Emporia News.

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From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Broken Love Story.

BY MARY CARLTON.

I should like to show you this old house perched upon the hill, overlooking the village and the little lake at the foot of the mountain opposite. It is the most grotesque mingling of the ancient and the modern, the dilapidated and the repaired, the romantic and the common-place, I ever knew. Brown with the winds and rains of thirty or forty years, full of little nooks and corners and unexplored passages, it is written over with tales of the days that are passed. Here maidens have been wooed and wedded, children have been born and died, hearts have joyed and suffered, perhaps broken, manly forms which went out in pride and joy and hope have been brought back silent and cold. Sitting in my room in these cold November nights, when the wind has come from his retreat among the hills, and rushes madly around the house, shaking the windows while I feel his cold breath near me, then shrieking and roaring like a demon wild with the sense of freedom, I can almost hear the steps of the departed in the lulls of the tempest. But it is of the living we write.

Let me introduce you to mine hostess, Miss Graves, the mistress of this establishment and its appurtenances, something of a mosaic as is the house, tall, sharp-featured, grey-eyed, the proprietor of two flaxen curls on either side her face, far from young, yet by no means ashamed to be known as a spinster. She accepts her lot without repining. I sometimes think with gratitude, that if she has not the love of husband and children, she has none to find fault, and cause care and anxiety and pain. She manages her large farm, giving directions to her man-of-all-work, driving bargains and calculating profits with more skill than many farmers about her. I often see her in the kitchen with her hands in the snowy flour, or skimming milk, or working her butter, yellow as gold. But in the evening, when work is over, she retires to her parlor, a cheery, delightful room, hung round with paintings, nicely warmed and brilliantly lighted, and sews, or reads, or thinks. I wonder how often her thoughts go back to those days when in this same room another sat, and they dreamed and talked, as youths and maidens will, of love.

Charles Bickford, one year older than herself, had sympathized in her perplexity over her first lessons, sat upon the same low bench by the stove, plodded beside her through the snow drifts, taken her to and from school on his little red sled, carried her the largest apples he could find in his father's well filled bins, spent his pocket money at the village store in sugar hearts and kisses, and when they had grown older and wiser, helped her in knotty problems and told her of his great plans for the future.

One August afternoon,—it was his eighteenth birth-day, and he was full of joy and hope,—he overtook her as she was walking home from the academy which both were attending. The road for the distance of half a mile led through the woods, and as she carelessly walked along, carrying her hat in her hand, the quick blood rushed into her face as he spoke her name:

"Kate, I have reached you at last. Why do you walk away from me every night as soon as school is done? You used to wait for me, and let me carry your books and lead you by the hand, but you are as distant now as if we were only the acquaintances of a few days. In six weeks I go to college, and in these weeks I want to see you as much as I can. You have always rejoiced in my plans, and I cannot afford to lose you now. In six weeks good-bye to Virgil and the preceptor. Welcome the spirit of college life. Won't it be splendid, Kate, to be so independent, and then the wise man you are to see me at the end of four years! But just think of the descent from seniority here to freshman grade there. '*Facile descensus est*,' as old Eneas found."

"But really, Charles?"

"Charley you mean. What else have I been all my life?"

"Well, Charley then, but you are attaining to such honor I think a more respectful address becomes me, and besides we are older than we were, and people will think it proper for us to use less endearing terms than we did in childhood."

"Nonsense, Kate, have we not loved each other always, and don't you remember one afternoon, when we were tired of following the haymakers, and were resting beneath the sweet russet tree in your father's orchard, you promised to be my little wife!—And we said then we would never love any one else, as we did each other, and if we were ever so far apart, we would not forget the promises we made that afternoon?"

"Hush! hush!" said Kate, blushing. "You are by no means to consider yourself bound by those childish vows. There are very beautiful ladies in New Haven, I am told, and I prophecy you will lose your heart among them before the four years end."

"Now Kate, stop here, just beneath this old tree. I declare to you that if I live to be one hundred years old, I shall never forget that day with its sunshine and beauty. From that moment to this, I have never lost the echo of those words, I never shall lose it. Boy as I am, I love you, and have loved you for years. No lady, ever so beautiful, could be to me half what you are and have been to me, and what I have dreamed you would be in the years to come. If *you* wish it, these little chains shall be broken, otherwise they remain as if made of gold. Now tell me, shall I go to college with this glad hope, in the light of which I do everything, and can endure everything, or shall the past be canceled? I do not beg, but you know my heart."

He had seated Kate on a mossy rock which had often served them as a loitering place on their way from school, and stood before her, impatient and proud, yet loving her with a love which could lay all at her feet. She, half girl, half woman that she was, looked upon him with admiration as he so earnestly and nobly pleaded his cause, and felt in her heart that she would not for worlds let go his affection. Every word he had uttered had thrilled her soul as the words of no other, and in spite of the little, wicked spirit of coquetry which tempted her to perplex and trouble him, she said, "I do not cancel the past."

"Then, Kate, with all the earnestness of our youth, do we renew those vows of our childhood. I am yours, you are mine, God witnesses. Life is grand and beautiful. By and by we are to work together in it. You do not know how the thought of you spurs me on in study. You look like a queen as you sit there, and so you are *my* queen, and you rule my whole life. Your little hand points to this hight, and I determine to reach it; it beckons me away from this path, and I cannot enter it. *Carissima*, you are to be my good angel in this college life, which everybody says is so full of temptations to evil."

"No Charley, I have no power like this. I can only love you, and that I do and will. Now let us go."

"One moment—will you wear this ring till I take it off? You are mine, remember, while it enriches your finger."

Perhaps mine hostess was thinking of this, when I went down a few evenings ago for a little chat, and found her sitting alone in the firelight, leaning her head upon her hand. She does wear a ring. I thought, perhaps it was a wrong suspicion, that she gave a little sigh before she turned round to greet me. Perhaps she was thinking of the frequent and long letters he used to send in the years of absence, full of glowing descriptions of the enchanted life, the new fields into which study and reading were constantly leading him, the noble hearted friends with whom he come in contact, and, best of all, bringing those words which she treasured in her heart, and which sang to her from week to week of a love fulfilling her wildest dreams. Perhaps she was living over again those vacation-visits, so short, but so filled with joy, when she seemed borne into another life, and out of which she came back sadly to that or ordinary routine.

So the four years glided away, and again, on an August afternoon, Kate, no longer a school girl, had wandered to the woods. Charles, who had been to the house, knew well where to find her, for this little retreat amid the evergreens on the banks of the brook, which danced saucily through the solemn shade, was one dear to each.

"Just where I wanted to find you," he exclaimed. "I have a new poem to read you. I should not love poems half so much, Kate, if I did not love you, the grandest of all poems to me."

"You are a most delicate flatterer—Queen Elizabeth herself could not have demanded more ardent praise than you choose to waste here. You were always tolerably skillful, but I think you have cultivated the art with success."

"You arrant coquette, you know I am not flattering you. You know I never speak to you a word which I do not mean. You know, as well as I, how love for you has deepened my whole nature and opened to me fountains of beauty which must ever have been sealed without it. You are my teacher in all that is true and pure and high. My four years of college life are now ended, and I have not lost my heart among the beautiful ladies I have met, because it was long since anchored. Not once have I wished to drift away from my moorings. I have seen those, who were more beautiful than you, but they were only the gay triflers of an hour. I have met those who were more talented, but plain and awkward and absent minded and sometimes sadly egotistical. From all these my thoughts have turned away to my peerless Green Mountain girl, my one, perfect, symmetrical woman, in whom all excellencies, which I find singly in others, meet. And when I bring words like these from the depths of my soul, you are not to call them flattery. A man has as much right to speak his own earnest words of praise as of blame; and this with all your pride you never refuse."

"Yes, for I always know reproof to be sincere; of praise I have learned to be distrustful; gentlemen feel it necessary to be so lavish of compliments in conversing with a lady. I never talk two minutes with one of your sex in our social gatherings without impatience and disgust at the universal assumption that women will listen to none but honeyed words. Yet I know you are right; love has a claim to trust, whatever message it brings—I *do* trust you in all you say and do. But what is the poem? Is not this a charming place for it? We will have an accompaniment to your voice in bird-song and leaf-murmur. Poets shold be read, it seems to me, where their songs might most easily spring life."

"I have brought you Tennyson's Princess, a charming thing, just suited to the times. A princess, longing for a higher intellectual and moral life for herself and her sex, gains a palace from her father and founds a kind of college for women, into which no man may enter except under penalty of death. A lover, to whom in infancy she has been betrothed, with a few friends, enters the charmed circle in woman's disguise, and mingles with the pupils who sit beneath her teachings. By the carelessness of one of the members, they are betrayed, and take flight. Of course the princess, who has renounced all love in her zeal for the promotion of the woman's cause, is no more disposed to favor the suit of the prince. Finally, it is proposed to settle the question by combat, and the prince and his attendants take the field, before the palace, against the stalwart brothers of the invincible fair. A sad scene of bloodshed follows, and the princess, releating, bids them bear the wounded into her halls that they may be cared for by herself and maidens. She devotes time and skill to the wounded prince, and while for a long time he lingers between life and death, her woman's heart is softened toward him, and in the new light pouring into the soul she learns that life becomes grandest by following the promptings of the heart rather than the head."

"The idea of the poem is a grand one. I trust the execution is equal to it."

"Generally. It is a story within a story, and bears along some of the purest little gems of song I have ever seen. But this passage near the conclusion seems to me the best of the whole poem. In reply to the self-upbraidings of the princess, the prince shows how needful to man's growth it is the woman should have the fullest development. I know no truer, sweeter passage in literature; but enough now of the poem. You will read it when I am gone, with knowledge of the passages I like."

"It is time now to go home," said Kate, rising. "Dear old woods, I will not see you again till we two stand here together. See how the sunlight slants through the trees upon the brown earth. It is a sweet scene for each of us to remember in the coming houre of absence."

"These days of separation grow more and more unendurable to me, and my heart leaps more impatiently at thought of the nearing day when I shall have you with me, mine without a word of discent. Those few intervening months must be whiled away by frequent letters. How soon shall I hear from you?"

"Rather how soon shall I have a reply to *my* last letter?"

"But you do not intend to let that little business note pass for a reply to my long epistle?"

"Of course I do. I wrote last, and the length of a letter has nothing to do with its reply."

Thus in kindliest chat they had reached Kate's home, and the farewall kiss had been given. As Charles turned from the path, Kate, who stood in the woodbine covered porch, laughingly, said "Remember I shall be at home during the next few weeks, and shall expect letters directed here."

"Remember," replied he, gaily looking back, "I shall be in Boston, and shall expect letters directed there."

And so they parted, little dreaming what future lay before them. A week of expectant days went by, and no letter came. Another week passed, and with each day the wonder grew at the unwonted silence. Still, it seemed only a practical joke, a rather sad one, which they would certainly never repeat; but the morrow certainly must end it. The third and the fourth week passed, and Kate, piqued by his long silence, now resolved in some way to end it, took up her pen and wrote:

"Shall I infer from your silence that you wish our correspondence to end? KATY."

In return came answer:—

"It is better that it should be so since love has died. CHARLES."

So, each being too proud for acknowledgments, books and letters and gifts were exchanged, and a great gulf grew between two souls which, having once loved, could never unlove. Years have glided away.—Charles Bickford is a prosperous merchant in a western city, still unmarried, never revisiting his native town. Father, mother, brother and sister have been called from Kate, till at last she stands alone in this quaint old house from which I write. The place of their last meeting she has never revisited.

I do not know why it is, but I sometimes fancy that they two will some time again stand there, when the evening sunbeams slant through the pine trees upon the brown ground beneath,—having learned by these sad years that it is nobler and sweeter for those who love to yield and forgive. Would you like to know, reader, if Charles Bickford ever comes back?

Modern Democracy as it is.

Mr. President, the American Democracy, led by slave perpetuists and propagandists, secessionists and disunionists, now in the light of this age, stands before the nation the enemy of human progress, and in favor of the conservation and propagation of old abuses. No longer does the Democracy utter the accents of popular rights. No longer does the Democracy sympatize with man, at home or abroad, struggling for the recovery of lost rights or the enlargement of existing privileges. Does the Legislature of Kansas pass an act for the abolition of slavery there? Democracy resists it, and arrests it by Executive action. Does the Legislature of Nebraska, left "perfectly free to form their own domestic institutions in their own way," pass a bill to wipe from that vast Territory the pollution of slavery? Democracy resists it defeats it by the Executive veto, and applauds that veto. Does the Legislature of New Mexico enact a bloody slave code? Democracy prompts it, praises it, applauds it. Does a sovereign Commonwealth lighten by humane legislation the burdens of a proscribed race, so that it may rise into the sunlight of a broader and higher manhood? Democracy is outraged, shocked, and it avenges itself by gibbering taunts, gibes, and jeers. Does a slave State enact or propose to enact statutes to still more oppress those already bending under the iron heel of oppression, or to check the action of its own citizens who may be prompted by sentiments of benevolence or a sense of justice to lessen the bitterness of bondage or give freedom to their own bondmen? Democracy approves and applauds it. Does Walker at the head of a lawless band of fillibusters decree slavery in Central America? Democracy hails and applauds that decree.—Does any indication point to the possible abolition of slavery in Cuba. Democracy protests, cannot permit it, will pay $200,000,000 for that slaveholding Isle, but will not accept the "Gem of the Antilles," if burdened with freedom. Does England strike the fetters from the limbs of eight hundred thousand West India bondmen? Democracy deplores it, disapproves it, and persits in misrepresenting the effects of that great act of justice and humanity.

Does the Emperor of Russia propose a plan for the emancipation of millions, not of the African race, but of white men? De ocracy shakes its head, shrugs its shoulders, utters no note of joy, sends no word of encouragement or greeting to the enlightened monarch who would enlarge the rights and elevate the condition of men. Does the Republican party, imbued with the sentiments of the Republican fathers, propose to arrest the expansion of slavery over the territories of the Republic, and save those Territories to free labor, check the reopening slave traffic, and put the National Government in harmony with a progressive Christian civilization? Democracy, smitten with the consciousness of its waning power, raises the startling cry of disunion. To its abandonment of the sentiments, opinions, and policy, of the Republican fathers; to its betrayal of the rights and interests of free labor and the cause of human rights at home and abroad, is now added disloyalty to the integrity of the Union. Let the intelligent patriotism of the nation rebuke this mad exhibition of folly and fanaticism which would shiver this Union into broken fragments, and let it be proclaimed, in the words of Andrew Jackson, "The Federal Union must be preserved."—*Senator Wilson in the Senate.*

An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition. "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in dis way as far as I can remember. Fust my fader died, and den my mudder married again, and den my mudder died, and my fadder married again, and somehow I dosen't seem to hab no parents at all, nor no home, nor nuffin."

Matrimonial history is a narrative of many *words;* but the story of love may be told in a few *letters.*

Running accounts will run away with a person's credit more rapidly than anything else.

"Come out of the wet," said the shark when he swallowed the sailor.

From the New York Evening Post.

Blow Away the Cloud.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

Invisible spirit of space,
The soft whirl of thy wings I hear,
I feel thy cool breath on my face,
And thy lips of air at my ear;
Thy whispered words
Sound like the hushed flutter of birds.

Thou bringest sweet balm from the wood,
As bees bear the honey from flowers;
The strong arms can lift up the flood;
Thy pinions are dripping with showers;
And the young grass
Greens the hills where thy pinions pass.

Blow, from a trumpet of balm in thy mouth,
Blow us more sunshine than shadows,
Blow butterflies out from the south,
Blow bobolinks into the meadows;
Blow off the rain
From faces beclouded with pain.

Soft wind, thou art laden with showers.
Go blow the fresh bud into bloom
And fan into flame the bright flowers.
Blow the bee out of his golden comb,
And blow away
The cloud that darkens my heart to-day.

Angry Words.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Sad memorials of to-day.

Angry words! O! let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

The Reunion of the Races.

The discussion in Darwin's "Origin of Species," of the blending of different varieties of plants and animals to produce new forms, and the perpetuation of the best varieties on the principle of "natural selections," suggests some curious speculations as to the re-union and combination of the various races of men. That this process is going on any one may see who will use his eyes, and it never was so rapid as at the present day, when the increased means of intercourse and locomotion are bringing all nations and tribes of men into intimate relations with each other. In Europe the distinctions of race are already nearly obliterated, and the Celt, the Frank, the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon are combined so that only in some isolated districts do we find a pure breed of these human varieties. In the East Indies less than two centuries of connection with the Anglo-Saxon race has produced a new and quite numerous race called the Eurosians, in which the white and Indian bloods are combined. In Canada we have a similar result in the union of French Canadians, or Canucks. In a century or two the polyglot now occupying the United States will be so thoroughly commingled that there will be few specimens left of any pure blood.

In South America the mixtures of races, Spanish, Indian and negro goes on more freely, and although the various hybrid races thus produced have not as yet vindicated the wisdom of the combination, who shall say what the new race will be a thousand years hence, when the combination is perfected?

Facts show that the blood of the most diverse races will mingle when they are brought into association. The delicate rosy-cheeked Anglo-Saxon looks down with contempt upon the coarse, thick-lipped African, and affects to consider him something less than human, and yet the intermingling of no races on the globe is at this moment going on so freely and rapidly as that of the whites and negroes in our Southern States. The pure African is hard to find, even on the plantation, and much less in the planter's house or in the kitchens of southern cities. Disgusting as this process of bleaching out the African race is, it goes on and will go on, and it is one of the problems southern philosophers are debating, how the distinction between the ruling and the servile classes, shall be kept up, after the differences of race shall have been obliterated. A century more will increase the difficulty of this question.

Everywhere on the globe, this process of re-union of the races of men is going on or commencing. What is to be the end of it? Are all distinctions of race to be obliterated, and mankind to be restored at last to a complete unity—to the image of the original man, from whom all the divers races are supposed to have descended? And as the strongest and best varieties of plants and animals are perpetuated by natural selection, and overpower and absorb the inferior and weak, so also are the superior races to prevail and swallow up and overpower the characteristics of the inferior races, producing as the final result a conglomerate race, inheriting the best qualities of races? And in that ultimate and perfect race will the Anglo-Saxon blood be the dominant element? Such questions may be more curious than wise, but there lies a vein of fact and reason at the bottom of them after all.

THE HISTORY OF THE KOHINOOR.—In India, a poor peasant, turning up the soil with his plow, was struck by the peculiar glitter of a pebble lying among other stones.—Stopping his oxen he picked it up, and though he understood nothing of gems, immediately with the quickness of an oriental, persuaded himself that had a prize. Abandoning his plow, therefore, he walked a distance of forty miles to Golconda, where his good fortune directed him to an honest merchant, who informed him that he was in possession of the largest diamond in the world. What sum he obtained for it is not stated; but it was sufficient to enrich him and his descendants. The history of this stone, if it could be given in full, would form a volume. Having been purchased by an ambitious chief, eager to barter his ornaments for political power, he presented it to the great descendant of Baber, Aurungzebe. From him it was passed down, through various vicissitudes, to the last Sheik ruler of the Punjaub, and came by victory the property of the East India Company. However vast might be its value, they made a present of it to the Queen; and under the name of Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light, it was beheld by millions of the English people, beneath a strong iron grating, at the great exhibition of 1851.

Agriculture, says Socrates, is an employment the most worthy the application of man, the most ancient and the most suitable to his nature; it is the common nurse of all persons, in every age and condition of life; it is a source of health, strength, plenty and riches; and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It is the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and in short, of all virtue, civil and military.

Acts and their Consequences.

There is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act or thought in the life of a human being but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Not one but, to a certain extent, gives color to our own life, and insensibly influences the lives of those about us. The good deed or thought will live, even though we may not see it fructify, but so will the bad; and no person is so insignificant as to be sure that his example will not do good on the one hand, nor evil on the other. There is, indeed, an essence of immortality in the life of man, even in this world. No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future. The living man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations six thousand years deep stand behind us, each laying its hand upon its successor's shoulders, and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing men for generations to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children, look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand!—Make much of it while you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life, you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church yard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macaulay.*

Currant Bushes.

Having noticed that currant bushes may as well be made trees as shrubs, I have concluded to tell you how I have seen it done. In the spring of 1841 my father commenced a garden, and among other things set cuttings for currant bushes. I determined to make an experiment on one of these cuttings, and as it grew I pinched off all the leaves except the top tuft, which I let grow. The cutting was about half way up to the first year's growth, so as to leave the lowest limbs about two feet from the ground. It branched well, and became a nice little dwarf tree. When it came to bear fruit it was more productive than any other bush in the garden, and the fruit larger; it was less infected with spiders and other insects; hens could not pick off the fruit, and grass and weeds were easily kept from about the roots, and besides all this, it was an ornament instead of a blemish. Now, I would propose that currant cuttings be set in rows five feet each way; let them be long and straight ones, and trained into trees.

SEWARD'S SPEECH IN THE SOUTH.—The Paris (Ky.) *Citizen* says:

Mr. Seward fully satisfied the expectation of his more judicious friends, whilst he excited the surpise of his political opponents by the moderation and conservatism of his views. His speech was entirely free from personalities of any sort, being as calm and passionless as if the speaker had no ambition to gratify, no wrongs to repel. It gives a lofty idea of his intellectual ability and self-control, and produces a wish that its tone and temper, its calm, philosophic style, could find a larger number of imitators in Congressional discussions.

If the country could feel perfectly sure that Mr. Seward's moderation is sincere and not assumed on account of recent events, and a view, mainly to the chances of a Presidential nomination, this speech would go far toward calming the existing excitement in the public mind. And whether it is sincere or not, this effect ought to follow to a certain extent, for, if it is assumed, that is an evidence that public sentiment in the North requires that aspirants for the Presidency shall free themselves from the charges of fanaticism and take more conservative grounds in the treatment of the great questions of the day.

THE "WE" OF EDITORS.—It is a prevailing idea among some people that because editors, in referring to themselves, use the word "we," they consider they amount to two or three ordinary men. This is a mistake. Editors are naturally a very modest and unassuming class of people indeed—remarkably so. The word *we* merely includes the editor and the "devil." The custom originated with Faust, the founder of the distinguished profession. The superstitious people of the day supposed him to be leagued with the Devil. Faust, to encourage the idea which rendered him a person of so much importance, and commanded such a high respect, was accustomed to identify himself in his leaders and grocery puffs, as "we," which includes himself and his highly-distinguished assistant, the prince of Darkness. In modern times, his infernal Highness has doubtless found the printing business a poor investment and has entirely withdrawn his patronage from the craft.—*Roanoke Crescent.*

PLEASANT REMINISCENCE, APPARENTLY.—A female writer says:—"Ah! pleasant time of courting! Ah! happy pairing time! Ah! blissful season of billing and cooing, that can come but once in the life of a man or woman. That mutual understanding just after a boy and girl have agreed to wed is one season of unmixed happiness out of about three that are granted us in our pilgrimage here below. The bliss of the wedding day is not unmingled, but full of cares and groundless fears."

BROOM CORN AND WEEPING WILLOWS.—In the Mohawk Valley of New York vast quantities of broom corn are annually grown. Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Connecticut are the next largest producers of it. Its origin as a cultivated plant in this country is attributed to Dr. Franklin. It was a native of India. Franklin saw an imported whisk of corn in the possession of a lady in Philadelphia, and while examining it as a curiosity, found a seed, which he planted, and from this small beginning arose this valuable product of industry in the United States. In the same manner England and America are indebted for the weeping willows to the poet Pope, who, finding a green stick in a basket of figs sent to him as a present from Turkey, stuck, it into the garden at Twickenham, and thence propagated this beautiful tree.

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.—We earnestly advise that all who think a great deal, who have infirm health, who are in trouble, or who have to work hard, to take all the sleep they can get, without medical means.

We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings; let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult, or any studies, late and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain-fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.

Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bed-time, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.

RATHER IDLE.—A popular preacher tells a good story as a hit at those kind of christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a very fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, affixed the manuscript to his bed-post—then, on cold nights, he merely pointed to the "document," and said; "Oh, Lord! those are my sentiments!" blew out he light, and nestled among the blankets.

A couple of Kentuckians lately visited Boston and sat down to dine at the "Review House." Cod fish balls were served at the table, and one of the Kentuckians taking them for "corndodgers," proceeded to break one in two. Getting the scent of it, he turned to his partner, and remarked, in the most solemn manner,—"Something dead in that, Tom!"

WHOLESOME REFORMS IN CONGRESS.—Colfax, of Indiana, has submitted a bill and report to the House, which embraces these reforms:

1. The abolition of the Franking Privilege.

2. Prompt delivery of all letters mailed to persons severally addressed.

3. The work of the Department inside as well as outside of Post Offices to be awarded to the lowest responsible bidders.

"Homestead exemption!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, throwing down the paper, "it's come to a pretty pass, indeed, that men are going to exempt themselves from home just when they please, without any proviso for cold nights."

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good."

"No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be *good for nothing.*"

Somebody says: "A wife should be like roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed." A scamp adds, "without any sauce."

Notwithstanding the fearful noise they make, hay dealers do business on a large *scale.*

Keep a bag for old pieces of tape and strings, and a bag or box for old buttons.

"I love thee still," as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

The best adhesive label you can put on baggage, is to stick to it yourself.

Administratrix's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted the undersigned on the estate of Harvey Johnson, late of Madison county, deceased, bearing date February, 1860; therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are required to present them for allowance within one year from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and, if not presented within three years from the date of said letters, they will be forever barred. [133] MARY JOHNSON, Admt'x.